



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

OLD LANDMARK BEING RAZED

HITHER, THITHER AND YON LEIDIG TENANTS GO AS OLD BUILDING FADES AWAY

Fred Leidig has started his tenants in the oldest building in town, at Ocean and San Carlos, hither, thither and yon.

Stanford is going hither, Barney Segal thither and C. W. Wentworth yon.

Specifically, Doc Stanford Sunday moves across the street, and a bit to the east, to inhabit part of Weaver's Mission Meat market for the three months between now and the time when Leidig has completed his new building, when Doc will move back.

Wentworth is picking himself up, to the last last, and building and all is backing up and turning around until he is temporarily domiciled behind that funny-looking Ricketts' milk, butter and egg dispensary.

Segal is slipping up the street to occupy part of the building he owns next to Ewig's post office building. Barney will force George and Marks, the barbers, out of there and they are going back, temporarily, to the old stand they had on Seventh street between Dolores and San Carlos.

Then, there is Mr. Walker. He's going to lose about 11 inches of his shoe shining parlor. It appears that there was some sort of a slip-up when the improvements, if you would call them that, were made on the property now owned by Mrs. Ivy Basham and Leidig. Mr. Walker, who is really Mrs. Basham's tenant, appears to be bulging over on Leidig's property. So, a piece of him is to be taken off, but he intends to stick, somehow.

Then, when the new Leidig building is completed, Mrs. I. Shepard, with a dress shop, will take what Segal has now, approximately; the Quality Meat Market, now next to Florence Leidig's grocery store, in conjunction with a grocery will occupy what was until very recently Noller's butcher shop. Then comes Stanford again on the corner. Back of Stanford, on San Carlos, first will be George and Mark's barber shop, and next to them Wentworth's good old dependable shoe-repairing joint.

Leidig is already tearing things down for the new building. He has the old Noller shop almost razed. The new building will be of one story, stucco finish, and have a frontage of 50 feet on Ocean avenue and 82 feet on San Carlos. It should be finished by the middle of summer. Guy O. Koepp is the architect and A. C. Stoney the builder.

You are going to be deeply disappointed if you find yourself unable to get a copy of the Pon Chung Edition of The Cymbal. We tell you this, and who should know better than we? We will print only enough copies to supply the demand of the thousands who have already made reservations. If yours isn't in, it had better be before Tuesday of next week.

FIRE CHIEFS DO WELL BY OUR THREE BOYS

Our commissioner of fire, Bernard Rowntree; our fire chief, Robert G. Leidig, and one of our stalwart fire captains, Paul Mercurio, took a little jaunt up to Rio Vista last week-end and came back with a considerable something.

They came back with a resolution, signed, sealed and delivered, by the Northern California Fire Chiefs' Club, opposing a combination of police and fire departmental duties.

That may seem a bit involved, but the fact is that after Rowntree, Leidig and Mercurio had got in their licks at the club conference in Rio Vista, the organization went on record as opposing just what Rowntree, Leidig and Mercurio oppose in Carmel, and what our commissioner of police, Joseph Burge, expressly desires.

In some other words, they opposed Burge's proposition that the proposed night fireman on duty at our new fire house should also, in addition to answering fire calls, act as a switchboard operator for the police department. This official action of an organization, representing about 100 fire chiefs, will be sprung on Mr. Burge at the next meeting of the council.

Commissioner Rowntree wants it expressly understood that he is not a member of this club that met at Rio Vista; that he was there merely as a visitor. He was, however, a most effective visitor. He got just what he wanted.

Incidentally, the fire chiefs listened to a very enlightening talk by Hollis Thompson, city manager of Berkeley, and some words of wisdom from Jay Stevens, state fire marshal. Our trio of representatives came back satisfied with everything. And well they might be.

DAUGHTER IS BORN TO JADWIGA NOSKOWIAK

Jadwiga Noskowiak has a baby!

Born, at Fort Riley, Kansas, two weeks ago, a daughter to Lieut. and Mrs. Stanton Babcock, so comes the official report.

Little Miss Babcock starts life with the name of Barbara.

BERT HERON IN CAST OF KUSTER PLAY MAR. 20

Ted Kuster's Golden Bough Players will present "In the Shadow of the Glen" at the Golden Bough Playhouse in San Francisco on Sunday evening, March 20. This is one of the one-act plays presented by Kuster at the Theater of the Golden Bough in Carmel in February ten years ago, and remembered in THE CYMBAL's "Ten Years Ago" column last month.

The interesting thing about this coming production in San Francisco is that Kuster plans to have the same cast he had in the play in February, 1927. The players then were, and will be in San Francisco, Tommi Thomson, Herbert Heron, Ted Kuster and Peter Friedrichsen.

What Price Carmel's Swell Police? Mountain View Cost \$6,718 a Year; Carmel's Total Is \$9,648

CARMEL POPULATION, 2800	MOUNTAIN VIEW POPULATION, 4,000
FOUR MEN	THREE MEN
Salaries\$7,541.50	Salaries\$5,303.50
Gasoline and oil 598.28	Gasoline and oil 255.72
Telephone Bills 364.31	Automobile Repairs 269.92
Equipment 570.76	Light, heat, supplies 290.10
Office supplies 134.77	Insurance, Bonds 510.30
Police insurance 300.00	Incidentals 88.72
Incidentals 138.85	
Total\$9,648.47	Total\$6,718.26

There's one for the book. Mountain View, with a population more than 1,000 in excess of Carmel's, on a through state highway on a railroad, within quick shooting distance of San Francisco, and with the resultant police problems that such a community so situated is heir to, with one less policeman (three less, if you count, as you should, our desk sergeant and night-watchman) and a total annual cost for the year about \$3,000 less than ours.

And when do you read about crime rampant in Mountain View? There are no bank robberies, store hold-ups, murders, rape or sudden death reported from Mountain View.

And, also, Mountain View maintains a jail. To indicate the extent of crime in that city, with its police force of three men, the annual total

cost of \$11.63 for meals for prisoners is enlightening. Also in its police costs are such items as "jail repairs," and "painting traffic lanes," and still the total for the year does not reach \$7,500.

And here's some more information for cogitation by the taxpayers of Carmel.

The city clerk of Mountain View, in replying to our query, graciously gave us the figures for Mountain View's fire department for the past year. It totals \$2,043.25, and the city has one paid fireman and two trucks. Totalling the police costs and the fire department costs, Mountain View spends \$9,493.59, or about \$150 less than Carmel lavishes on its police department alone.

Isn't it about time Carmel did something about its over-manned, over-financed police department?

GEORGE GRAFT HOME SOLD TO D. W. ROPERS

Sale of the George Graft home on Scenic Drive, near Eighth street, to Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Roper has been announced by Philip Wilson, Jr. The purchase price has not been made public, but it is known that the property and house of 12 rooms originally cost more than \$50,000. The land has 120 feet on Scenic and an average depth of 136 feet. The Ropers decided to make Carmel their permanent home after traveling here and there across the country in search of an ideal place.

MOORING MAKES SALVATION ARMY GLAD IT CAME

E. W. Mooring of the P. G. and E. just about convinced the Salvation Army last Saturday that trekking over the hill from Monterey is something of a gold mine.

It cost Mooring about \$4 to create this state of mind on the part of the Army and at the same time to serenade Lloyd Weer in front of the P. G. & E. office on Dolores street.

According to Weer, the estimate of cost to Mooring is just about correct, because the Army band played four tunes for Weer's unauthorized benefit, after it had been engaged to do the serenading.

Weer declares that he is now at work toward getting the next annual convention of the Army on the Mooring ranch down the Carmel Valley.

BOBBY FROLI IN HOSPITAL; MENTAL STATE LOW

Bobby Froli is in the Peninsula Community Hospital all O. K. as to physical condition or, better, physical recuperation, but his mental state is awful. Bobby was rushed to the hospital Wednesday morning and operated on for acute appendicitis in the afternoon. By Thursday morning the doctors said he was all right. But Bobby doesn't think so. He is in a terrible mental state. What about left field on the Sunset baseball team? Does it look as though Bobby could play this season? It does not. And what's safe physical recovery from appendicitis if the mental state it leaves one in is so hard to bear?

JOHNSON AND GOOLD GOING BATTY WITH CURIOSITY

Dickie Johnson and Kennie Goold have begun to talk to themselves. For more than a week now they have both been running around in circles asking everybody they know, and some they've never even formally introduced to: "What's a professional listener?" It appears that an ad appeared in the Herald and also in a San Francisco paper, offering services as a "professional listener". Johnson and Goold have been all upset ever since. And no one is helping them get any better fast. No one can answer them. Now we've sort of got it. What IS a "professional listener"?

WITH GREAT JOY
WE ANNOUNCE
AND BOW

THE CYMBAL finds definite pleasure in announcing publication next week of its Pon Chung Edition. We aim to make it an interesting paper, both in content and in appearance. In truth, it is our hope to make it beautiful; something that will reflect what we like to feel down deep within ourselves, Carmel is. Above all, it shall have a definite excuse for being.

SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH ALLEN GRIFFIN

In his Peninsula Herald last Tuesday, Allen Griffin took occasion to the extent of more than a column to heap criticism on us for endeavoring to get Carmel to consider the need for community recreation for our children.

It was a surprising diatribe. It is our surprise that makes this initial reply to him perhaps somewhat incoherent and seemingly futile. There are some things that just can't be explained to a mind in such a state that it needs an explanation.

However, we'll try. We'll begin by talking to Allen just as if—well, just as if he were a little child.

In our appeal for help for the children of Carmel, particularly those who are in the adolescent period, we were writing from a Carmel standpoint, Allen. Hang it, we can't seem to get away from talking and thinking as though we were by and of Carmel. We didn't mean that Carmel has more juvenile delinquency than Monterey, or Benicia, or Miami. We meant that for Carmel, it had a lot. We still mean that for a city like Carmel to have any appreciable amount of it is pretty terrible.

The point is, Allen, that Carmel should be ashamed of having what it has. We don't hold to your peculiar reasons why Carmel shouldn't have any—wide beaches, pretty wild flowers, bicycle riding opportunities, Del Monte Forest (which, by the way, costs 50 cents to get into), valleys to roam in and mountains to climb. We think those are pretty sick reasons. It's only in the very extreme cases that the adolescent girl or boy finds much thrill in brisk walks on beaches, picking wild flowers, roaming valleys and climbing mountains. You, apparently, haven't done much observing of adolescent girls and boys. You've just looked at them, but haven't seen them.

No, it is not because Carmel has wide beaches, wild flowers, long valleys and high mountains that it should be surprised and ashamed at having what juvenile delinquency it has. It is because Carmel has a very high percentage of citizens and taxpayers who ought to know what you do not seem to know—that we've got to give our young people something more than what God gave them around Carmel in order to use up in a safer manner something else that God gave them.

Then, another thing, Allen, old fellow, you show a surprising lack of understanding in matters moral and social, to say nothing of biological, if you think that boys and

(Continued on Page Two)

girls between 12 and 16 years of age are spending any time gasping at Carmel's natural beauty. The average human being that age isn't much awe-struck by natural beauty. Love of beauty may be inborn in some, but the germ lies dormant for a certain space of years, and crops out as one nears maturity.

Then again, Allen, children start from where they are in analysing their surroundings. They don't start from where other children are. The Carmel child, born and nurtured among its pines and by its sea and beneath its sun and in its fog, doesn't appreciate how fortunate it is. The pines, the sea, the sun, the fog are just as natural to it as are the filth, the gloom, the turmoil and the poverty of East side New York to the children there. You measure the beauty we have over here because you have seen something with your eyes to compare it with. No, the Carmel child can be lifted just as far from where he stands by the nature of his being, as can the New York child in the narrow, sordid street.

As a matter of fact, Allen, it is easier for a child in the easy-living, little-trammeled, comfortable and blood-warming environment of Carmel to cause us worry, than it is for the poor, straining, tired, under-nourished begettings of the slums.

We have got to give them something to do that they like to do; something that they will like to do in the mass.

You used the term "assinity" in your somewhat bitter arraignment of us. The word could not be better applied than to your statement that a swimming pool would be "silly regimentation a la Muscovites."

Just what went wrong with your mind, Allen, when you set yourself down before your typewriter for last Tuesday's "News Comments"?

—W. K. B.

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"ACCUSED," MYSTERY FILM, COMING TO FILMARTE

Beginning a four-day run at the Filmarte, starting Sunday, is the murder mystery, "Accused," starring Dolores Del Rio and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Of this film, the *London Reporter* has this to say:

"A brilliant drama, superbly cast and expertly directed, 'Accused' is one of the finest . . . an assured box-office winner . . . brilliantly staged musical sequences add greatly to the general entertainment."

"Accused" will be shown twice nightly at 7 and 9 o'clock and at matinees Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30.

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BARDARSON TO ATTEND EDUCATION CONFERENCE

Over this week-end, Principal O. W. Bardarson of Sunset School will attend a committee meeting of the Spring Progressive Educational Conference at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. The committee is headed by Dean Kefauver of the Stanford School of Education and hopes to present some of the leading figures in the educational world as speakers at its conference in early May.

CARMEL CAPERS

QUATRAIN TO THE EDITOR

We grant our force is underhand
And slightly overrated
But when you say it's overmanned
We feel you've overstated.

The Los Angeles beaches, from which we have just returned, differ from the Carmel beach in that the patrons of the former are even more static: No one ever runs up and down the shore and few even wet their feet. The life guards present an interesting study in complete inertia and can thus be distinguished from the other habitues who have been known occasionally to build up enough energy to turn over and toast their under-sides.

We heard that a certain movie moron sued her husband for divorce claiming that he was a sadist. "Always moping about the house," said she.

We speculate as to whether By Ford's breakfast disagreed with him. If so, we admire its courage. Or are the ardours of his induction into the joys of matrimony responsible for the somewhat acrid expression so faithfully reproduced by our worthy adversary, the *Californian*?

In any case, we feel that he would be well justified in bringing suit for photographic defamation and debauchery. We admit that everything within reason should be done to lighten the burden of our vast army of illiterates, but the "candid camera" sometimes carries this business of candor a bit beyond the pale.

A friend of ours, with a commendable impulse to sponsor the arts, hired a hungry sur-realist painter to help with the house work but found it necessary to dismiss him as everytime he washed the tea cups they emerged covered with hairs.

"He who is without sin"—Something should definitely be done about Linda Rooke-Ley, who sits so complacently in Macbeth's little glass house and watches the world go by—driven from pillar to post and from pillow to pillow. An excellent view has our Linda. Has any one in the house got a nice, substantial stone he's not using?

All of which leads us to conclude that there's nothing to compare with a nice mess of mixed metaphors. Served up with cream and sugar and a few horses neatly crossed in mid-stream topped with a maraschino cherry.

Is it that we suffer from that distressing and esoteric ailment known as loggarrhea, or a sudden rush of vowels to the presses?

Bear with us yet awhile, children—if you can't count past ten, 'tis

—if you can't count past ten, 'tis out counting. Leap before you look, and cry lustily over spilt milk to the light of burning bridges.

In response to D. Q. B.'s letter, published in last week's CYMBAL under "Slams and Soft Soap," we are much concerned by our correspondent's obvious mental confusion and feel that he would do well to consult a psychiatrist rather than an ornithologist. Some of his associations of ideas are singularly unfortunate and we feel that the phrase "Then of course there are beauty rest mattresses—there might be some connection" has really no place in a conservative family publication.

Pierre Collings, who won a prize for writing "The Life of Louis Pasteur," adjudged to be the year's best scenario, has come to Carmel for a rest, so he says. We are confident that the gentle denizens of our quiet hamlet can be depended upon to see that he does not overdo it—the rest, we mean.

When we composed this column, we were up in the air in more ways than one, about two thousand miles up, in the literal sense, and some place between Los Angeles and San Francisco. We tell you this not in vindication of our brain-child's many failings, but simply to explain the more than usual mental airiness of your devoted and fast collapsing columnist.

Stop the presses. A stone at last for Linda.

A Mr. Waghorn steps elegantly right out of a Hogarth print each week to bring her a bunch of fresh, hand-picked violets.

By the way, we're thinking of moving from our glass house. It's more fun for our public than it can possibly be for us.

—LIBBY LEY

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Public Is Invited To WPA Concert

A concert, free to the public, is announced for Tuesday evening, March 23, by the Federal Music Project, Works Progress Administration, Monterey County Unit. The concert will be given in the Sunset School Auditorium, and will begin at eight-fifteen. Bernard Callery will conduct. The concert will be given without admission charge.

The Carmel Project has been earnestly working for many months on a number of very interesting compositions, which are rarely heard on concert programs. Dene Denny, district supervisor, states that the orchestra shows the results of the many months of intensive drill and practice, and is playing very musically. Those who have any doubts are very cordially invited to the weekly Tuesday Open House of the Federal Music Project, where the orchestra will be rehearsing its coming program all afternoon.

Tomorrow Carmel Youth Looks High For Kite-Flying Festival Awards

Tomorrow happens one of Carmel's traditional events—the Kite Festival.

Kites of all shapes, sizes and varying degrees of servitude will come forth and, it is hoped, soar to the heights. Hatton Fields will be the immediate scene of the kite-flying contest, but previous to the main event, the boys and girls with their kite creations will parade through the avenues of trade, calling housewives away from contemplation of their market baskets, and tipplers from foaming brew in the public houses.

This kite-flying contest is no casual affair. You don't just go into it hit or miss. You walk up against staid and strict rules, or you fly your kite up against them, and unless you are conducting yourself and your kite according to Hoyle, out you go and your entry along

with you.

Construction of a kite for entry in the flying contest must be entirely the work of the kite-flyer who enters it. Others may assist only in suggestions as to colors, design, etc. There may be entered in any division no kite which has had past performances in any kite festival, no matter whether or not it has been re-groomed, re-garnished, re-tinted, re-inforced or re-anything.

There are four divisions of contest—Best Kite, Oddest Kite, Prettiest Kite and Highest Flying Kite.

Transportation for the kite-flying contestants will be provided from Sunset School. Then, our mimeographed publicity sheet goes on to say: "A two-minute stop will be made at the Mission in respect to Father Junipero Serra."

We can't imagine who thought that one up—or why.

WE'LL BE SHAVING YOU
AND HAIRCUTTING YOU
temporarily

AT THE OLD STAND ON
SEVENTH STREET
OPP. RAILWAY EXPRESS

**George and
Mark's
Barber Shop**

We'll be over there on Monday morning bright and early

Leaving the old, old corner

...but not for long!

I can't sell Aspirin, Hot Water Bottles, Kodak Films, Cymbals, Ipecac, Camels, Tooth Brushes, Zonite, Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

WITH PLASTER FALLING
ALL OVER ME

I'm moving Sunday over in with Weaver and his good Hamburger, while Fred Leidig is messing around

SO, TEMPORARILY, I'LL BE IN

**WEAVER'S
MISSION MARKET**

ACROSS OCEAN AVENUE
NOR'EAST FROM HERE
—between San Carlos & Mission

but I'll be back!

DOC STANIFORD

DRUGS

TELEPHONE CARMEL 167

Rentals • Sales

**PHILIP
WILSON**

JR.

Real Estate

PHILIP WILSON CORNER
DOLORES AND OCEAN

If you are redecorating your
home this spring

STELLA'S

can help you a lot!

NEWEST DRAPERIES AND UPHOLSTERIES

All types of material . . . loads of
designs and colors

AS LOW AS 2 YARDS FOR 25 CENTS
AS HIGH AS 50 CENTS A YARD

In Defense of Don Blanding; He Really Isn't Nearly as Bad as That

This is an attempt to undo about 15 pages of injustice done my good friend, Don Blanding, last week by others, and about 17 done to him by himself. In the public print Blanding said, among a few other things, that he would like to "belong" to this community. It is my heartfelt desire to help him accomplish this. If possible, I would like to set him right in the eyes of Carmel. Truly he is not what those 32 pages make him appear. Really he is a very decent fellow.

And I should know. For more than seventeen years I have known him. There was a certain space of time intervening between seeing him last in Hawaii and seeing him again in Carmel. But he has not changed. He is today what he was then, except for a void of poise. No longer can he sit along a beach "in the altogether," as he has done at Waimanalo, to the delight of those to whom Greek gods spell the highest beauty; no longer can he pivot as a marble statue on a rock in a Kalihi valley pool—but he is still the Don Blanding of Hawaii, open-hearted, good-humored, guileless, tireless in pushing the fortunes of himself, but paying his way with kindness, charity and good entertainment.

Shear him of the absurd titles: "Vagabond on the Loose," "Centaur in Lapis," "Prince of Dreams," "Purveyor of Jewels," "Truck Driver with the Soul of Pan," and you still have Don Blanding, a simple guy, well worth knowing, with the justifiable motive of getting along in the world and having people like him while he is at it.

It is somewhat of a pity that in this public print last week, a small town editor's blue pencil cut from Blanding's own story about himself, the very paragraph that would have saved him. In it he told what started him writing verse for public consumption. It was in 1920 in Honolulu. He had been writing advertising jingles, as he says, and then began jingling what he saw about him—human things and the Hawaiian glories of Nature. One day he brought them to me. What did I think of them? I told him. "They are just bum enough, Don, and not too good to strike the public fancy. You can sell them."

So "Leaves from a Grass House" were assembled, sent forth and they sold.

Don Blanding did not believe then that he was a poet. He doesn't believe that he is today. He writes rhymes, rhymes that are pleasing, even moving, to a certain stratum of society—and, above all, they sell. Which, in the long run, is Blanding's objective. He is making his way in the world. He has made it, solely by his own efforts. He would rather be a versifier than a poet. It is more remunerative and, to a large extent, more glamorous, to be worshipped by sentimental thousands, than revered by esthetic tens.

Blanding has much in common with Eddie Guest, but he possesses a virtue Eddie doesn't. Guest takes himself seriously; actually believes that he is, what he seems to millions of newspaper readers, a great poet. Blanding has no such illusions about himself. Eddie Guest can write: "It takes a lot o' living to make a house a home," and feel that he is more than half way up Parnassus. Blanding can pen: "The dream house grows from the very soil; stone and timber and honest toil," and knows that a ten-year-old grammar school child could do that—and sell it, too—if he weren't so busy with baseball and flying kites. No, Don Blanding is really a

good guy, and not deserving of what was handed to him last week and, unfortunately, what he handed to himself. Certainly, if he is sincere in wanting to "belong" in Carmel, and I believe in his sincerity, he made a mistake in permitting this Blanding Edition to suffocate him in its sickening succulence. Probably he felt that what he was letting be done to him in Carmel would leave no wounds that the sale of Blanding books elsewhere would not heal.

But in coming to his defense, in trying to explain that he is merely marketing his wares out in the open sunshine without pose and, too, without poetry, I should like to divert the Carmel arrows from him. To further this desire let me quote, without his permission, but in his service, three stanzas from his "Virgin of Waikiki." It may help to take some of that bad taste out of your mouths.

Out at Waikiki by a sobbing sea,
In a district rather sporty,
In a Banyan's shade lived a virgin maid
Who was just this side of forty.
She did not go to a Movie show,
For she had no one to take her;
And she did not stray from the narrow way,
Because nobody tried to make her.

It was half-past ten when she left her den,
Feeling wild and very flighty,
And she boldly strode down Kalia Road
In a flimsy chiffon nighty.

Carmel can take Blanding to its bosom on that one. He may be a "Centaur in Lapis," and a "Truck Driver with the Soul of Pan" to the rest of the world, but on Ocean avenue let us remember that he wrote "The Virgin of Waikiki" and forgive him the absurdities of his misguided friends. —W. K. B.

Federal Theatre Play Is Coming

The comedy, "Help Yourself," comes to the Sunset Auditorium next Wednesday and Thursday, March 17 and 18.

This production, said by Los Angeles critics to be the best play the Federal Theatre Project has produced since "The Devil Passes," comes to Carmel direct from the Federal Musart Theatre in Los Angeles.

Directed by Ralph Cloninger, dramatic actor and director, the play was first written in Vienna by Paul Vulpis and has been translated into English by John J. Coman.

In the cast are Peter Brocco, Paul Reynier, Kingsley Benedict, Lyle Clement, Arthur Wellington, Patricia Robin Craig, Carroll Borland and others.

ALL OUR POULTRY

we raise ourselves on our Marina Ranch

SUN DECK Poultry Market

Mr. and Mrs. M. Barbier

DRESSED CHICKENS
TURKEYS
EGGS

SEVENTH STREET
opposite Railway Express
Telephone Carmel 649

WHITE CAPS

ON THE RADIO WAVES

KPO—This morning at 11 o'clock. Walter Damrosch in the Music Appreciation program.

KSL—Tomorrow morning (Saturday) at 8 o'clock. Cincinnati orchestra.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 9. Abram Chasins, pianist, for 30 minutes.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 10:30. Carnegie Symphony.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 11. Metropolitan Opera, "Mignon."

KGO—Sunday at 11 a.m. Magic Keys.

KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic.

KPO—Sunday evening at 7. General Motors presents Josef Hoffmann.

PISTOL CLUB CONSIDERS PROPOSED RANGE SITES

It won't be long now before the Carmel Pistol club has a permanent shooting range. At the regular meeting of the club Tuesday night two or three proposed sites were discussed and it is expected that by the next meeting one of these will have been decided on.

Two new members were admitted to the club at Tuesday night's meeting—E. W. Mooring and W. B. Albertson. Alex Gibson, who had let his membership lapse and his pistol get rusty, was re-instated.

David Ball, secretary-treasurer, asked to be relieved from office because of the press of his private business, but no action will be taken until a competent successor can be found.

MARTHA GRAHAM COMING TO CARMEL APRIL 10

Martha Graham is coming back to delight Carmel again. With her group of dancers she will be presented by the Denny-Watrous management at Sunset Auditorium on the evening of April 10. Martha Graham is to be remembered happily in Carmel for her solo concert given under the sponsorship of the Carmel Music Society a year ago.

Leidig Cat Floods Leidig Flat

Our fire chief, Robert Leidig, arose early Wednesday morning and it was fortunate that he did.

He arose early because he and Mrs. Leidig wanted to get a good start on their motor trip to Yuma, Arizona, where they plan to visit their son, Martin, for two weeks.

But, on arising, the first thing Bob did was not to make preparations for departure. The first thing he did was to turn off the hot water in the kitchen sink. It was about time it was turned off. It had been running for two or three hours, according to best calculations, and in the process had flooded the rear of Jones' barber shop below and taken toll of about \$50 worth of greeting cards in Spencer's, next door.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Leidig, as you perhaps know, live in the apartment on the second floor of the building they own on Dolores street. Two of their tenants below are Jones, the barber, and Spencer, the stationer and book seller.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob got out of town before they could be officially interviewed, but the story they left behind was something like this:

The Leidig cat has a habit of sleeping on the top of the refrigerator. He ascends to this couch by way of the kitchen sink adjoining. You know—leap to sink to refrigerator and shut-eye.

But it appears that Mrs. Leidig, after disposing of Tuesday night's dishes, had hung the dishrag over the hot water faucet. It further appears that the cat in making the second leap—that is, from sink to refrigerator—got in some way entangled with the dishrag, and his flight (maybe "her"—that's another

thing Bob went away without clearing up—sex of cat) detoured by dishrag, met up with faucet and—you are too quick for me—yes, the water turned on.

That's the crime as reconstructed by the plumber, plasterer, barber and greeting-card seller.

It sounds reasonable—in a way. But we say—not wanting it to go beyond these four walls—that if R. G. Leidig wasn't our fire chief, and didn't have a clear police record, our thought would be that he was trying to collect some insurance or something.

You can subscribe for THE CYMBAL at our Ocean avenue office—with The Carmel Investment Company, Ocean avenue, south side, just west of San Carlos street. It's \$1 a year.

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The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of
THE CYMBAL last week (issue of
March 5, 1937) was as follows:

PAID SUBSCRIBERS

Carmel District.....	338
Outside Carmel District.....	87
Newsstand Sales.....	129
Total.....	554
Gain over previous week	14

(You may be interested in knowing
that in Carmel only THE CYMBAL
publishes weekly a circulation
statement. There's a very good reason
why only THE CYMBAL does.)

TEN YEARS AGO this week

From The Cymbal, March 9, 1927.

"Excavations on the W. C. Farley property on Dolores street began last Monday, in preparation for the cleaning establishment to be conducted there in the near future." So read a front page item in THE CYMBAL of March 9, 1927. The building was constructed and was occupied by a cleaning establishment. It's wonderful, the increasing high percentage of CYMBAL accuracy. At any rate, Farley built his building and across a heavy beam above the doorway had cut deep into the wood: "Ta Sunka Wetka." This had the public guessing for many moons, some of it is still guessing. THE CYMBAL printed a translation of this Aztec, or whatever it is, but we forget what the thing is in English. We'll come across it probably as we go along in the old volume. However, the building is still there, and the "Ta Sunka Wetka" is still there, but Ken Gould runs the joint now, instead of Farley. (By the way, did you ever see the baby Ken and Amy somehow acquired? You ought to.)

"Francis E. Collin, writer, is opening a new book store in Carmel this week in one-half of the Curtis building on Ocean avenue. The place will be called 'The First Edition Book Shop.' Another time we were right. Marvelous, how we keep on gaining. He did open it and he did call it that, and he had a good lending library. He had a marvelous bulldog and when he and the bulldog were away places, Mrs. Rice-Carter and Elaine used to tend shop for him.

Ground was broken for the Carmel Hospital up in the Woods. It was to have 14 rooms for patients and it did. It isn't a hospital now, but a rather swanky place for people to stay and rest

CLANGING CYMBALS

Just briefly, we met Miss Grete Sumpf, educator, who is from Cassel, Germany. She had heard, at some distance, about our excellent school. We asked her when she was going back and she said she was taking a bus in three minutes. Don't make us inquire as to the accuracy of this—internationalist that we are—just love to think of taking the 12 o'clock bus for Germany.

The Golden Bough Room of the Blue Bird made its debut in Raspberries and Cream, with bouquet of purple iris and white sweet pea, and background, by De Neale Morgan, of Monterey Cypress. The mother of the debutante, Mrs. M. C. Sampson, and its little godmother, Sammy Sierka, were in tasty white. And Carrie—blithe young Oriental vision with the name of Carrie!—has only to look at you and you take everything on the menu. Which is okay with us, because the menu is not the least of the attractions of our new tea room. Not at all.

Go there one of these sunny days and sit in the old Golden Bough Court at a raspberry-and-cream table and eat Monterey sand-dabs. Goo-ood!

Sometimes it is hard to write a story because the story is true. It makes a whole in your own mind, but its parts move around inside an entity of its own and elude arrangement. Such a yarn is that of Mary and ourself.

On the second morning of our sojourn in Carmel—three years last week—we awakened one morning to find Mary's broad, brown face bent over our bed. "Well?" she said and we said "Well?" We had asked Mrs. Brown to send someone to wash our dishes and there was Mary. Mary, forty-ish and broad all over. You can see her, any day, hurrying about the street with her children, wearing the same brown mask on her face that we saw that March morning three years ago. You will see that she is dark with dark bloods and has those high cheekbones, and that she walks heavily like a sits-by-his-side woman. But you will also see, if you look, the eyes. Scrutable eyes, if you watch them; the eyes of many things remembered and not dimmed in the remembering.

For a long time, we were puzzled by Mary; and, by turns, pleased, annoyed, amused, furious. We bought her some bright yellow uniforms, which we have never seen since that day. Why we felt reluctant to bring up the subject remains a mystery to us. That is, it did until a few days ago. Until then, a lot of things about her were a mystery to us. Once, she had a spell of misery. Every few weeks, she would come to work, days late, still ragged from some terrible experience. She said the doctor had told her it was her age and she mustn't do any heavy work. We got worried about her. It has always seemed to us that those we have around our house are a part of our responsibility and we dashed over to Doc Gray to see if there was something and enjoy life generally. Mrs. Edith Shuffleton ran it as a hospital and now runs it as what it is today.

Dr. Ira E. Remsen, president-emeritus of Johns Hopkins and father of Rem Remsen, died at Pine Inn on March 4, 1927. He and Mrs. Remsen were here to spend the winter. He was 82 years old.

we could do to make matters easier for her. Then we had a loud laugh, for the Doc hadn't set eyes on her for six months.

Periodically, we fired Mary and got in someone else. But Mary always came back. There she would be at the door, her arms full of flowers, little Johnnie with his running nose clinging to her short skirts—and we would set her to work and feel happy and relieved once more.

When people asked us about it, we could only say we didn't know. There was something about Mary. Something very fine. A tap-root tree. A woman with whom we had some bond, old, established, irrefragable.

On last Friday evening we found out about that, and now, as we sit here and watch Mary, her broad brown face bent over our dirty dishes, we do not see this Mary at all, but a girl named California, with her dark head against the hooves of a stallion—a roan stallion—up here in the hills beyond Vink's Canyon.

Let us take the story back to a hot July evening in nineteen hundred and nine. With thunderheads gathering about us, we sat on a rock in the back pasture just where the slope drops into Daisy Holler, to rest a bit. Beside us was a twenty-quart milk pail of blueberries which we had gathered during the afternoon. Filled with the soft content of weariness and solitude and accomplishment, we watched the sky grow copper with gathering fury and when Kitty came up and nuzzled us and lifted her chestnut head and flung her chestnut mane and made a shrill white whinny on the thin air, we felt a kind of excitement come over us; felt the earth rise in sumptuousness to the sullen sun and heard the first rumble of the thunder.

Kitty had been restless all the afternoon. We thought it was the heat, so still and intense. She would crop around a bit, then lift her pretty young hocks and canter, then stop quite short and shake her forelock like a flirting girl and send her cry out to echo back from Little Bald Hill across the pond. Or, without any warning, we would be startled by her silken nose, brushing our neck.

Kitty was our Mother's new mare—a birthday gift to her from our adoring father. She was a big horse, a Suffolk Punch, with a sheen on her bright chestnut coat and a fillip to all her ways. We had been promised her first foal for ourselves and knew in the vague way of children, about the big stallion down the road who would be her mate and the father of our colt. But to us, sitting there in the sun that afternoon and feeling the excitement of the storm mount in our veins, she was only beauty embodied, sniffing the air for the smell of lightning, even as did we.

Then a terrific crash of the bushes; a long sharp neighing; the bright spark on a stone that vied with the yellow lightning, and the chestnut stallion reared himself over the hill. Over the high stone wall, over the alder bushes, over the hummocks of ground hemlock, to stand on a knoll and listen again for her. This time she still was transfixed. She must have felt, as we did, a kind of pitiful terror run through her, for her flanks trembled and her long tail brushed the ground slowly.

What a little thing we became then! "It is a bitter earnestness that makes beauty." But of that

bitter earnestness we then knew nothing at all. Only that a force to rival lightning, a loud thundering throughout some new-pierced doorway, left us cold and shuddering, crouched upon a rock. We saw the brilliant great hooves lift, full height, into the copper dusk, thinking he had come to kill. We saw her move away a little, her neck arched down and heard the long swelling of his breath as he leapt out in his pride to feel the first drops of rain go through his flinging mane.

At what time we crept away and ran we do not know. We can still feel the strain against our breasts of the ombrous night and the quick relief of a light in the kitchen window. We found our Mother alone stirring frying potato on the stove. After we had told her, with our blue hands, stained, clenched, she smiled, not looking up.

"Where are your berries?" she asked.

"I say
Humanity is the mold to break away from, the crust to break through, the coal to break into fire,
The atom to be split."

Last Saturday evening, as we were getting our dinner, we heard a stomping up the back steps, and in came Mary with her cohorts, bearing gifts for our birthday. The tawny acacia and a few of the first Johnnie-Jump-Ups. A thin saucer for ashes. A table cover in her own colors. So we sat and talked and had a small glass of wine and, speaking of one thing and another, each recalling days when we were younger and ran with the great winds, and the rains, Mary began her story.

Of how, on a Christmas eve, her man having given her some money from his gambling and she wishing something for her children in honor of the birth of the little Jesus, she took herself to Monterey. Of how

it rained all that day and the bright things in the window and the difficulties of choosing held her there until late, so that she knew, as she drove home along the old coast road, that dark would be on her when she came to the canyon and the river swollen. Of how, surely, when she reached the ford, old Rita slipped and fell in the full waters and how she, Mary, got the toys and candy and the jug of wine for the old man out of the wagon and packed them on her own back. Of how she felt about for the jack-knife she had bought her small son and cut the ropes and saved the precious cargo; of how she spoke gently to old Rita, "a good old horse," until she rose to her feet and climbed with a great heaving of forehooves out of the canyon. Of how she, Mary, sat then upon the ground and took a deep drink of the old man's wine.

"The nerves and the flesh go by, shadow-like, the limbs and the lives shadow-like, these shadows remain, these shadows
To whom temples, to whom churches, to whom labors and wars, visions and dreams are dedicate;

Figures and symbols, castlings of the fire, played in her brain; but the white fire was the essence,
The burning in the small round shell of bone that black hair covered, that lay by the hooves on the hilltop."

So, watching Mary bent over our dishes, we do not any longer see a broad, brown face, dark with unearthly strange bloods, but ourselves in the lightning on a hill; California, lithe and full of her bright clearness:

"If one should ride up high might not the Father Himself
Be seen brooding His night . . . ?"

—LYNDA SARGENT



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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Last Sunday I went as far as Morro Bay over the coast road. Before my little journey was through I was wondering whether to write this week about the road or about William Randolph Hearst. Then I met a few peasants, and they had more to say about Hearst than about the road, although the Lord of San Simeon is only a kind of day dream in their lives. He cannot be a being of reality. He is already too much of a legend.

Twin towers rise over a Moorish castle, two spires in the beautiful hills behind San Simeon. Perhaps they symbolize a dual personality, one of which deals with a very real world, and one that lives back in medieval days when the powerful lived in grandeur, possibly a somewhat squalid grandeur.

White walls catch the afternoon light, soft rays from over the Pacific where the sun is already rising in a far Asiatic dawn. White walls against the blue grey hills, the nobby hills of San Simeon. Up to the castle gate winds the road from No. 1 highway.

From their houses about the port and from their toil in the field, the San Simeon peasants may look upwards toward the sky and see the glistening walls crowned by rust-colored roofs, sometimes the windows ablaze with the sunset. And possibly they chuckle over thoughts aroused by so strange a genius as the seigneur.

Gleanings such as these amused me on the backward road, for this is what those peasants told me and I report it not as fact but as hearsay.

Hearst never rides in an airplane. Although his estate has a fine airport, complete with lights that glow each night, and a big hangar out of which a yellow cabin plane showed its graceful tail on Sunday.

Hearst is strongly fortified in his residence. Captain Sharkey might have borrowed that now famous machine gun from one of the Lord's henchmen. The boys at San Simeon sometimes get frisky and go deer hunting with the machine guns.

Hearst is the only member of his family or circle of heirs who loves San Simeon. The rest care little for it, for it is not their dream. Possibly on Hearst's death this large estate will be broken up, for it is too costly for a less wealthy man to handle.

Hearst is a bad debtor. Bills are always paid slowly, and a San Luis Obispo wholesale grocery house folded up when the account ran too long. The peasants, too, have to wait for money from the soft hand of the Lord.

Hearst sleeps in one of those two chalky towers, close to the stars, far from the humming earth of toil.

Hearst has in San Simeon the largest private mansion in the United States.

Hearst does not own all that forty-odd-mile stretch along the coast road. The Evans family has several beautiful ranches, which look like the most beautiful of the shore properties, and heirs of a Portuguese pioneer have another fine piece of land northward.

Hearst has something of a rival, a Mr. Moore, who also has a big house on a hilltop, not so big a house, not so high a hilltop, but, nevertheless, something of a rival. Mr. Moore is a big Eastern capitalist.

And, of course, you know all those other things about Hearst that you can read in books. Mrs. Fremont Older's fine book if you like intimate family biography, and

Sunset Pupils Delight and Surprise Their Parents at P-T. A. Meeting

Pupils of Sunset School had their parents and friends of their parents rather gasping last Tuesday afternoon when two groups of them took possession of the entertainment end of the Parent-Teachers Association meeting and strutted their stuff. The fourth grade, guided by Mrs. Frances Farley, and the sixth grade, under R. J. Gale, presented two programs that ranged from how deep is the Congo river to what the recent King Edward VIII had to say to Parliament about his lady love.

In fact, the March meeting of the P-T. A. might be described as that of the Parent-Teacher-Pupil Association.

After the preliminary business was attended to, the president, Mrs. Mary K. Frohli, turned the meeting over to Mrs. John Fitch who made a few introductory remarks regarding the opportunity for parents to "see their children as others see them," and then turned the meeting over to Mrs. Frances Farley, fourth grade teacher.

Mrs. Farley explained something of the process leading up to the business of social studies, and a demonstration of how a panel discussion is conducted in the schoolroom was then given. The subject of this particular discussion was the Congo and Sudan regions of Africa and each pupil gave a talk on a different aspect, a talk which had been prepared by that pupil himself.

Group A, which opened the discussion, included Oliver Bassett, chairman; Wileen Jones, secretary; Dick Sayers, Robert Elias, Flora Lee Koepp, Ruth Funchess, Esther Van Niel and Mast Wolfson. Group B: Wendell Olsen, chairman; Pauline Hunter, secretary; Kathleen Macaulay, Edith Wright, Jean Staniford, Joy Melrose, Irene Erickson and Alice Hoyt.

The second part of the program began with an introductory talk by R. J. Gale, teacher of the sixth grade, in which he told of the purpose and aims of the social studies as preparations for adult life. The students then gave an interesting

others, if you simply don't like Hearst.

I was not disappointed in San Simeon. I had almost forgotten that I would see a castle there, for the coast road moved me so much as it dipped over grades, cut through rock avalanches, climbed out over thrilling ledges. San Simeon was just about what I had thought to see, a huge pile stuck up on a lot of hills, but what hills! The hills were far more beautiful than I had imagined, and so different from most California hills, that I was indeed stunned.

You must go there yourself to see those hills, and, if you care to, the castle.

But do not try to make it over the coast road at present. Unless you can get a permit, you won't get past the gate. If you can get a permit and must go, take it easy, because slides are occurring continually during this season. We had to scout part of the road and "muck" rocks out of the way before we could pass.

Rocks had been coming down from seven hundred feet overhead, and a couple of hundred feet below they were still slipping into the sea. That avalanche of tons of rock, moving imperceptibly, without rest, was one of the day's highlights.

When we drove out beyond to Morro Bay we were glad that a safe, fast inland road lay ahead through Atascadero and so home through the night.

demonstration of the process by which a subject for study is chosen and the way material is gathered by various groups and presented for class use. In this instance it was decided to take up the development of Great Britain with particular emphasis on interesting features in the reigns of the kings and queens of England. Those taking part were Alan Cobb, Martina Tait, Dorothy Otmar, Barbara Nash, Frances Passailaigue, Clair O'Connor, Panthea Lea, Juanita Baca, Henrietta Erickson, Margery Street, Marilyn Bridenbecker, Lila Whitaker, La Verne De Amaral, Frances Walters, De Witt Appleton, Joan Newman, Vincent Torres and Donald Staniford.

Both sections of the program were highly impressive and reflected great credit on pupils and teachers. The significant thing about this demonstration was not the array of facts about Africa and England gained by the respective grades, but the far more important knowledge of how to find those facts and assemble and present them for use. The pupils may forget the statistics they so fluently gave their interested audience, but surely they will never forget how to go about finding what they need for their own purposes in books, maps and encyclopedias.

Most of the parents, listening attentively while torn between awe and amusement, must have looked back into their own pasts and marveled at the difference in educational methods then and now. Fourth and sixth grade pupils only a generation ago weren't expected to attempt research work, they were simply handed out a lot of facts which they stuffed into themselves as best they could. Possibly the subjects chosen by fourth and sixth grades seem a bit unnecessarily ambitious to an old-fashioned parent here and there. But no one can doubt that children with this modern training are better equipped to go out and continue their own education if economic circumstances should deny them the privilege of higher institutions.

After the demonstrations Mr. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, invited all present to go to the gymnasium to watch a girls' basketball game.

A financial report was read by Mrs. D. A. Pelton, and a Nominating Committee to select candidates for office for the next election was chosen. This committee consists of Miss Clara Kellogg, Miss Madeline Curry and Mrs. Lita Batten.

A music festival will be held by the International Society of Contemporary Music June 20 to 27 in Paris, in connection with the International Exhibition held during that time. Representatives of 19 countries will be there. Japan and Russia will cooperate for the first time.

English and American admirers of Shakespeare plan to erect a large Shakespeare center in London. They will endeavor the rebuilding of the old Globe Theatre, which was burned down in 1613 and the Mermaid Tavern, famous as the meeting place of Shakespeare and his friends. A library and museum will be added. They plan to have these buildings arise in the heart of London at the south bank of the Thames.

It would be a wise idea to order your Pon Chung Edition copy before next Friday.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

Edited by Jessie Joan Brown



There is a great fluttering of hearts among the young ladies of the wirehaired set with the arrival in Carmel of Terence O'Day Taylor. Terence has recently come here from Yosemite Valley with his master, Bert Taylor, an international skating champion, and Mrs. Peggy Taylor.

Napoleon Riseley, now living in the village with his master and mistress, Commander and Mrs. Ralph Riseley, has spent most of his life in Paris. (He still barks with a French accent.) "Nappy" thinks Carmel is charming but, being something of a boulevardier, he misses the gay life of the French capital where his favorite pastime was sitting under the table of a side-walk cafe and watching the pretty mademoiselles pass by. Oo, lala, that was the life!

The weird, unearthly howls that issue from the Carl Moll residence on occasions are only the vocal protests of Part (of this and that) and Brigand (so named because of his taking ways) at being left alone. It is a little trick the young fellows learned from hearing coyotes bay the moon on their ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. They have become quite proficient imitators and can chill the spine of the most hardy listener.

"Love Thy Neighbor" is Patsy Petersen's favorite song. She has recently moved to the new home of her master and mistress, Commander and Mrs. Martin Petersen, in Hatton Fields. Living next door are Oso and Boots Rothe. Patsy is quite smitten with the dark and handsome Boots—but he is interested in the red-headed Cocker who

lives across the way. Oso, on the other hand, is devoted to Patsy, but she, woman-like, prefers Boots.

Bobby Brennan, according to his master, Marcy Brennan, is the only naturally short-tailed dog in Carmel. Bobby, a Heinz dog of Philippine origin, owes a great deal to the fact that his tail is so short. In the Philippines, his old home, where roast dog is considered a great delicacy by the natives, the life of a long-tailed dog is short and precarious. Bobby says he would like to remain permanently in Carmel where the villagers are content with roast wienies.

Fritz von Salza is more aloof than ever these days, the reason is that he has just had his portrait painted (a good likeness too) by his master, Carl von Salza. Fritz shares the honor with Carl's horse, Argentine.

COMMENT

"And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Mrs. Ethel Young and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton were hosts at a farewell tea at their home in Pebble Beach last Saturday afternoon for Captain and Mrs. Pat Hudgins. Captain and Mrs. Hudgins left Sunday for Europe.

WALT'S DAIRY

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In "Accused"

HERE'S CASH WAITING for a modern home, in or near Carmel, with at least three bedrooms on one floor. Seclusion is desired. If you have something that fits this bill, write Barnet Segal, or Call him at Carmel 63

YES... I HAVE TO MOVE, TOO!

But my New England sagacity tells me to stick as close as possible to the old well sweep. So, while my new shop is being built for me by Fred Leidig, I will move, bag and baggage, shop and all,

BACK OF McDONALD DAIRY

My entrance, beginning next week, will be south of the dairy, down the alley

C.W. WENTWORTH

Carmel's Shoe Repairer

Professor Tells Women Voters About Court

Under the aegis of the Monterey County League of Women Voters, Professor M. Cathcart of the Stanford University Law School, spoke at a luncheon at Pine Inn on Wednesday on the most moot subject of the present crisis regarding the Supreme Court.

Scheduled to talk on the Constitution, Professor Cathcart got off to a lawyer-like beginning, stressing the primary fact that the Constitution of the United States is, as its authors intended it to be, the supreme law of the land. That the people of the country have sustained this, in fact, was held to be self-evident. That this is the whole duty of the people and the people's Chief Executive, was defended by Professor Cathcart with the seasoned conviction of a man of the law to whom the body of the law has, of itself, become an object of devotion and loyalty. The speaker did, in fact, succeed in presenting himself to his audience as the Court's own amicus constitutionis.

That the Supreme Court has no jurisdiction except as the last court of appeals in litigated cases; that it is not available to Congress as advisory counsel, but only in the capacity of judicial reviewer in cases already adjudicated in lower courts; that the doctrine of implied powers of Congress was meant to be used "wisely"; that Congress has never abrogated its power to relieve human suffering and that it has the duty to review State laws when questions of infringement on individual rights arose, were some of the points passed in parade. But, from this more or less specific outline of the powers, actual and implied, of the Congress and the Court, Professor Cathcart opened up in an infundibular approach to his personal opinion of the present situation.

"I do not believe Mr. Roosevelt wishes to be a dictator," he said. "I only think he wishes to dictate." He stated his opinion that the President is not suffering from an inferiority complex, but that he only wishes the Supreme Court to understand the Constitution as well as he does. He asserted—and reasserted—his belief in amendment through the regular channels. That a servient Congress could create a dictator, he fears.

In introducing the speaker, Mrs. C. L. Voss, president of the Monterey County League, made it quite clear to her listeners that the League had not the question of the Supreme Court under advisement; that no policy either for or against the President's proposals had even been discussed by the members of the League as such; and that, following the usual procedure of the organization, speakers representing all points of view would be presented.

An all-day meeting of the members of the League of Women Voters will be held at the Hatton Fields home of Mrs. Webster Street today. The questions being taken under advisement by the California League will be discussed. Members will take their lunches. Coffee to be served by the hostess.

On March 16, at the home of Mrs. John B. Adams, 665 Carmelo street, the Government and Foreign Policy Committee of the League will present another all-day discussion on the subjects of Reciprocal Trade and Neutrality. The arrangement for food will be the same as above described.

+

Perhaps it's none of our business, but we would suggest that you order your Pon Chung copy ahead.

What Is Done In Monterey County About Juvenile Delinquency?

Someone has indicated, we see by the papers, that the people of Carmel "set themselves up as superior to common flesh." This, of course, is balderdash. But the shudder which went through the body corporate the other day when it was learned that two of our native sons had been recommended to the custody of the juvenile court, is a sign that we do not realize that, in many ways, our community happens to be more fortunate than some others. When a becoming humility accompanies the realization of what is a simple fact, we should then be able, by eternal vigilance over our blessings, to maintain a communal entity qualified to lead in certain excellencies because of superior opportunities. We have no factories and therefore few underprivileged. We should have no juvenile delinquency. None at all!

On learning of the defection among our young boys—both boys under 14—we hastened over to Salinas full of interest to see just what is done in this County with children who run afoul of the law. Mrs. Claire O'Neill, Assistant Probation Officer, in charge of all children under 14 and all girls, was good enough to give us hours out of her busy day. Incidentally—or probably not incidentally at all—if you have preconceived notions about the kind of people Probation officers are, we wish to take you right over and have you meet Mrs. O'Neill.

She came in from the rain, looking very jolly indeed, with her gardening shoes covered with mud and 'Nina, her dachshund, in merry pursuit. Not a hint of that stern eye and pointing finger. Of course, that's practically medieval anyhow, but a lot of people go to the movies.

First, she said, as to procedure. When the children are brought to her, she takes them out to the Detention Home for a day or two, making no further effort for the moment to press the matter. She took us to the detention home, too. Routine, we suppose. Well, we got over some of our own notions about such places. A pleasant two-winged building just beyond the County Hospital, presided over by a sort of House Mother, Mrs. Maison, who likes the house full because she likes children. It was easy then to understand why the child is taken directly to the Home. Of course he is terribly scared. And here, with Mrs. Maison, a few companions, a radio, a recreation yard, books and more luxurious surroundings than most of them have ever dreamed, his fears are allayed and he becomes freer inside and more able to communicate himself and his difficulties to someone who will understand them. Mrs. O'Neill will understand them. So will Judge Jorgensen.

While here, he is taken over to the County Hospital and given a thorough going-over—mental tests and careful examination for any physical defects, including social disease. Mrs. O'Neill says the tests are fine, although she hopes some day that they will have a large enough staff to give more adequate performance tests. It astonished us to learn that intelligence quotient is high—running usually around 110 to 125. When it is possible to finance better testing, this will take care of the boys and girls who have—say—mechanical abilities rather than brain capacity.

Also, when they go up before the Judge, they are well-fed. On last Wednesday they had for lunch, each a huge artichoke, spinach, and a stew that was smelling the house

up gloriously, along with milk and dessert. Mrs. O'Neill says they love the unaccustomed cleanliness of it all, and one little girl just wanted to stay in the bath tub. (Budding movie stuff, we suppose.)

Meantime, the social and environmental history of each child is investigated with all care, preparatory to an intelligent disposal of him after he has been operated on by Judge Jorgensen. If his home is not fit to return to, some more fortunate relative is sought. If this fails, as many of the children as can be found homes for are put out for boarding. Boarding homes are thoroughly examined and standards for fitness by the State Department for Social Welfare and by Mrs. McGowan of the County Charities. The California Laws on this point are extremely good, Mrs. O'Neill says. If all this fails, the child is sent to the Salvation Army Home.

The Probation Department is asking the people to take cognizance of the need for more homes for these boys and girls. In these days, when it can be determined at an early age whether or not a child has a mind of college calibre, it seems to us that one of the more satisfactory jobs a couple could do would be to take one of these children and correct the incidence of impoverishment of body and soul. Could it be true that there is more joy over one who has been lost? There are really too many people who just love to watch over little Fido "who is really human, you know." You go to work on this with your group, Squiggs. Many of them, by definition, are looking for something to do. The State will not expect you to take a subnormal or recidivist child. These children are no different than your own except for that eternal vigilance, of which we spoke, which yours have been accorded. Take one in with your own and see.

Ugh, you say, from the bottom of your outraged soul. We recommend that you have a long talk with Mrs. O'Neill, who knows her business very well, indeed.

There is so much more we could say about the fine work being done in Salinas. Presently, we hope to have a long talk with Mr. Otis, who handles the older boys and with Judge Jorgensen, in whom the County is fortunate.

But now we conclude with a brief story. It is about a Woman, whom we said some time ago that we should mention every now and then in our scrivening. A girl with whom this woman's daughter was intimate in High School "got into trouble." The superior moral standards of Henniker, N.H., dictated that her own mother should turn her out, and she went straight to the Woman and was taken in. The day the scandal broke, the Sewing Circle met. Now, the Woman seldom had time for the sewing circle but she went that day. Not in any spirit of defiance or of any sense of worthiness on her part. Out of the great respect in which the Woman was held, nothing was said at first. But there was tension—and was there tension! At last, the mother of a third girl, in the little clique, who had forbidden her daughter ever to speak to the ruined one again, really burst her stays.

"How can you? How can you!" she cried.

There was only simplicity in the reply.

"How can I not? I have five daughters of my own."

—LYNDA SARGENT

Scout Leaders To Be Trained

A Scout leaders training course for adult scouters and others of the general public who may be interested will be held at the Carmel Scout House, starting Thursday, March 18, it has been announced by H. S. Crossman, Scout district commissioner of the Carmel district. The session will start promptly at 7:45 p.m., and will be under the supervision of a member of the Executive staff of the Monterey Bay Area Council, Boy Scouts of America.

The course, known as "Introduction to Scouting," is a new and interesting one, just released by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America. Upon completion of the four sessions, a national certificate will be awarded students.

No obligations are involved, and the course is open to anyone, whether in Scouting or not.

Such topics as "Scouting and What It Is," "How to Run a Troop of Scouts," and "How to Develop Troop Programs," are covered completely in the sessions. The project method of teaching is used, with activity of a nature appealing to adults included.

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GROUND IS BROKEN FOR \$8,000 NURSES' HOME

Ground has been broken for the new \$8,000 Peninsula Community Hospital nurses' home on the hospital property on the old County Road. The home will have accommodations for eight nurses and the hospital superintendent and will relieve crowded conditions in the hospital. The additional space made available will permit expansion of the obstetrical department which has long been needed. Harold Geyer is the builder of the home which will be completed in three months.

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YVONNE K. NAVAS-REY ENGAGED TO MARRY

Yvonne K. Navas-Rey has announced her engagement to marry Armulo Lares, son of an Apache Indian chief and member of an old Arizona family. The wedding will not take place for six months as Lares is now recovering from a recent severe illness which kept him in the Monterey Hospital for three months. He expects soon to return to work as second captain on a sardine boat.

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Carmel High School Girl Starts Well On Being Poet of Parts

Betty Haskell, 15-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Haskell, of Monte Verde street, won a \$5 prize from *Country Gentleman* two years ago for a poem she wrote when she was in the eighth grade at the Sunset school. It perhaps inspired her to continue writing poetry. At any rate she has continued, and she has made great progress. Now, a sophomore in Monterey High school, she is writing exceptionally good verse for one her age. She has consented to let THE CYMBAL publish some of it which we do herewith gladly.

We are glad, too, to illustrate Betty's poetry with a linoleum cut



by her sister, Jane, who is a junior in the high school. Jane aspires some day to teach art to children.

FOG

Soft . . . as grey-white veiling,
Cool . . . as crystal green,
Still . . . as dawns dim paling,
Calm . . . as dusk serene.

Blotting out the dark, slender pine,
Softening the wind song free,
Dimming the light of bright star shine,
Muffling the beat of the sea.

Misty and restful, fog drifts through,
Dripping from leaves like quiet rain,
Shrouding all with its dim smoke-blue
It cannot hide my heart's dull pain.

DREAMING

Dreaming . . .
Deep, blue-shadowed dreams
Starry dreams, shot with dusk
Silver-misted, gray-mantled dreams,
Soft, as they pass on velvet feet,
All gathered safe within my heart.

WINGS

I fly on the wings of the wind tonight,
And my heart beats strong in the cold, clean flight;
Meanness and cares and petty things
Are left behind my wind-swept wings!

I've courage to face deceit and wrong,
Brave in my heart is a ringing song
Mine are wings that will soar to the sky,
For straight to God is the path I fly.

GREYS AND GREENS

Dark gray and green, dark green and gray
Of the curve of the rocky bay;
Of tall dark pines, and a sickle moon;
Of slim sea-grass on a sandy dune,
Of dusky twilight, and deepening night,
Of shadows that fall from the moon's thin light,
Of sand and shore and sea,
Blended in peaceful harmony,
Of misty stars, and waters sheen . . .
Dark green and gray, dark gray and green.

HOPE IN MY HEART

Silver streams, drifting dreams,
A pine wood still,
One clear star, high and far,
Over the hill.

The muffled roar of surf on shore,
The rippling of the rain
Over the scene, tranquil, serene,
And there is born again . . .
Hope in my heart!

DAWN

In the Holy hour dawning,
When the Universe is still,
When the pine tops scarcely quiver,
Or the grasses on the hill;
Just before the birds awaken
All the echoes with their song,
In the stillness of the morning
When the purple shadows throng,
When a mist lies on the valley,
Where this day no man has trod,
Then the world, with new-born hoping,
Keeps a silent tryst with God.

Dancers Feature Legion Fashion Show Program

Marion Meredith (until this minute, Marion Bryant of Phil Wilson's office, to you) will present at the Fashion Show to be given by the American Legion Auxiliary on March 18, the dancing team of John and Mitzi. These two young dancers have slipped quietly into the Carmel scene, and are busy on plans, as yet undivulged, for the furtherance of the jollity of Things As They Are. We like to introduce them to you like this, before any question of their ability to dance comes cropping up (we have never seen them dance), because we are rather sold on them personally. No, they are not married. Yes, they live together up the Carmel Valley in one of Phil's new houses. Dear me, no. They are brother and sister.

Ann Ewig says the Fashion Show is going to be a knockout. All the dress shops are in on it and every time we go snooping around on this basset-hound business along back alleys and in dressing rooms, we find one of our beauties trying on something in the color and general desirability of loganberry roll with hard sauce. Tasty, we mean!

+ + +

Girl Scouts Mark 25th Anniversary

The Girl Scout Training Conference finished its business at Asilomar yesterday and has more or less merged into the annual conference of the American Camping Association, in four-day session there now.

The four members of the National Staff of the Girl Scouts and the 37 executives in training, were entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday in Administration Hall by the Monterey Peninsula Girl Scout Council. Designed at first as a barbecue, some tag ends of spring rain began falling on the perspiring brows of Mrs. Robert Stanton and her aids in roasting, and the crowd adjourned indoors.

During the conference a new three-way program was tentatively drawn up, considering an age realignment of the girls into three, rather than two, groups: the Brownies, from seven to ten, an intermediate group from ten to 14, more or less following the present make-up of the work; and an adjustment of the higher age girls—14 to 18—so that their work will include more grown-up problems of social behavior and personal social consciousness. The mariners will belong to this latter number.

Today, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Girl Scouts of America is being celebrated throughout the country. Aside from local troop birthday parties, there will be a nationwide broadcast over KGO tonight at 7 o'clock, with Mrs. Kathleen Norris acting as Master of Ceremonies. Mrs. Herbert Hoover will speak, a program will be given by the Scouts themselves, and Lucrezia Bori will sing.

The American Camping Association, now in session at Asilomar, is the coordinating body of the directors of all kinds of summer camps, both private and organizational.

An awfully good way to assure yourself of getting a copy of the Pong Chung Edition is to subscribe for The Cymbal now. Then you get 51 other weeks of downright enjoyment.

Ooh Goody! Trudi Schoop Is Coming

Trudi Schoop and her ballet of 22 in "The Blonde Marie."

That appears to be a dainty dish to set before us in Sunset Auditorium on the evening of Saturday, March 27.

The Carmel Music Society is offering the fare.

Different from the traditional art of the Russian ballet and departing widely from the present-day forms of the modern dance, the new kind of cultural expression which Trudi Schoop and her Comic Ballet will bring to Carmel has spread the name of its creator throughout the cities and hamlets of America and Europe.

She brings a company of 22 actors-dancers, and specially composed music. Each member of her troupe is equipped with superb dancing and gymnastic talents. Miss Schoop herself, who began life planning to be an actress, is the sole director, the librettist and creative genius. A young girl in her middle twenties, coming from a patrician Swiss family, with silver blonde hair, blue eyes and strong body, she is the epitome of energy and bubbling health.

Trudi Schoop's performance in Carmel will be a new comedy ballet called "The Blonde Marie," said to be the most ambitious of her career.

+ + +

Sunset Ready To Start Baseball

Last night the Monterey Peninsula Grammar School Baseball League was formed in Monterey and schedules made. Arthur C. Hull, representing Sunset School, was present. The season is expected to open shortly. Also plans for the Peninsula Grammar School Track Meet were put into shape.

Principal Bardarson says Sunset's prospects are fair, although there is some weakness in the batting average due to lightness of his boys. Orville Jones and Bill Coffin are shaping up as good pitching material and they think that Danny Villapando will be well able to hold his own behind the mask. With Don Berry and Jack Leidig in close contention for first base, George De Amaral and George Goesler for second, and Charles Gansel and Orville Jones alternating at third; Irving Parker, short stop; Bobby Frolli in left field, and Bob Garguilo in the outfield spot, Sunset will go into the League well organized, with reserves for all places and a heigho and a hi hum to the huskies over the hill. Hull will have charge of the first team.

The final game in the intramural series at Sunset was played Wednesday afternoon between Orville Jones' and Don Berry's teams.

The last of this season's intramural basketball games will be played next Wednesday, March 17. Parents are invited to attend the last three games—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this coming week.

The girls are grateful to Betty Van Sant for her help in keeping score for them.

Classified Ads.

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SADE'S
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Girl Scouts Work for Deep Sea Badges, Horses' Parts and Magic Carpets

We do find life so fascinating!

When we learned that the Girl Scouts were preparing to celebrate their twenty-fifth birthday today, we remarked, with insouciance, to some old fogey who happened to be sitting on the next park bench, that we thought we'd go around and talk to some of the Scouts about it. After all, it's their birthday. This reactionary fellow submitted that "you wouldn't get much out of the children," and chuckled in a downright mean manner at us.

Jackie Klein sat upright in bed, very red in the face. But not from childish embarrassment. Chicken pox. When asked what her favorite badge was—she has 19 toward the required 21 for an eagle badge—she said it was the Water-life Finder Badge, and told us all about it. In order to take this badge, you must find and identify about 50 different specimens of sea life in your neighborhood. Which one of the boys and girls here has done that? You, Barnet? Good boy. No, you can tell us all about the limpets when we get through.

Then you draw a picture of the Pacific Ocean—beginning with the front view, then the middle distance and then getting into deep water. Jackie got into deep water beautifully, with a cross section of it, and all. In fact, all the drawings—cross section, front view and map—looked like something done up in the neat manner of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

An article on "What Use Man Makes of the Harvest of the Sea" was just one of the other requirements. Jackie is the only Carmel Scout to have taken this particular badge, which we think odd. We would think it fun ourself. The badge itself depicts a seahorse—just being a seahorse.

Charlotte Townsend said, "Oh dear, I'm a talkative person, so I have to be interviewed." Her favorite Scout activity is working for the Horsewoman's Badge. We supposed, tentatively, that all you had to do was learn to ride upon a horse. Goodness, no! Among other things you must know how to ventilate a stable, you must be a Horse Dietitian. And you have to know the parts of a horse. Just a minute, Conrad, and we'll let you name a horse's parts.

Charlotte has ridden her pony, Charm, since she was four—Charm is 12. We made some unconsidered remark about age. "Oh," said Charlotte, "she used to be as gentle as could be. But I have to use a double-bit now. She gets more rambunctious every day. In her old age she seems to be getting the best out of life." End of quote.

But practically all of the badges had some enchantment for Charlotte. "Well, after all, it's so awfully good to know all these things. You do have to know so much in

life, don't you!"

The Cubs were on a Magic Carpet. Carol Lau said, "I love to be a Brownie because we go on a Magic Carpet and see all the places everywhere. The North Pole. And—and Fresno."

"To-wit, to-woo," called Mrs. Morehouse, from one end of the Carpet. "Would you like to sing?"

We didn't hear a soul murmur "I'm really not in good voice today" or "Oh, dear, just after eating, you know." They broke right into the hotcha number of the Brownies:

"I've got something in my pocket
It belongs across my face.
And I keep it very close at hand
In a most convenient place.
I'm sure you couldn't guess it
If you guessed a long, long while,
So I'll take it out and put it on.
It's a great, big Brownie smile."

With gestures.

We reached for our pocket—but there were only the keys to the car. Smiles like that come in smaller pockets—and larger smiles. Great Heavens, Councilman Burge, don't tell us you never even had one.

CLIPPINGS FROM TILLY POLAK'S FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Just a picture. The scene, Amsterdam, Holland. The weather, icy cold, canals frozen, snow all over. A group of black birds on the ice, not able to move, their feathers frozen. Afraid and helpless they watch the public crowded along the canal. Everybody was sorry and everybody had ideas how to help. Then somebody called the humane society which promised to send an automobile immediately. In the meantime a bystander threw his cap over one of the birds, and with the help of others got on the thin ice and caught the first victim. All it needed now was to get its feathers thawed out. How and where? Well, there was a Bank across the canal, was not there? And that bank had central heating, had it not? One minute later the bird sat on the radiator in the bank, soon kept company by a dozen more. The paper says that they conducted themselves like gentlemen! In about 15 minutes they bowed themselves out of the building, nodding happily to the porter. Others were not so successful and were loaded in the automobile of the humane society, which was not heated. The public objected and therefore most of the birds got warmed inside coats and sweaters, until they insisted to be freed like scratching cats. In two hours nearly all the birds were in good condition.

How typical of Amsterdam!

Who Are Teaching Our Children?

When we went to grammar school, well do we remember how, at a given signal, we put away our geography book and, in no time at all, we had made the long trek from the fjords and farm produce of Finland to the Battle of Bull Run. And in twenty minutes, precisely, we hauled out our water colors and essayed a spray of pussy willows from the marsh behind the school.

Some years later, two or three of the big universities began to be conscious of correlation and coordination and injected courses in The History of Civilization into college freshmen, whether or no. These worked. It was clearly seen, after some centuries, that possibly geography had some bearing on history and even that, if you were studying the life and habits of the people of Outer Mongolia, you might just as well turn your general reading in that direction. It became quite a phrase, we remember—orientation courses.

Now, as Arthur C. Hull says, they have come into their own in the secondary and primary schools. Using as a general text-book, Harold Rugg's "A History of American Civilization," Mr. Hull and his eighth graders have just covered the whole social phenomenon of the westward movement in America. History, geography, civics, current events, library reading, spelling and art all combine to pull the story together and make it in the child's mind a social entity. In this way, Mr. Hull says, he learns to organize data, one of the more valuable equipment resources of life.

Born in Victoria, B.C.—that old English town of the northwest—

Mr. Hull moved to San Francisco at some small age and went right straight through until he got his A.B. at the head of his class, at San Francisco State. Presently, he plans to read for his Master's degree in Secondary Education at Stanford, with an eye on administrative work in Education.

Just now he travels vicariously—by the printed word. As soon as the M.A. is tucked away in his shirt, he hopes to get on a cattle boat—or aren't there any more?—and work his way around. China, maybe.

At college, Mr. Hull went out for track and basketball. He has recently organized the successful intramural baseball activities at Sunset.

In general, Mr. Hull rather regrets what he considers a letting down of personal disciplines in the schools—though he perfectly realizes that a relaxation had to come along with desired freedoms. Perhaps as an administrator, he will be able to work out the happy medium which he seems to have in mind. He says this laxity does not apply to Sunset School.

Now he is about to bone his class up on the Constitution of the United States of America. A compulsory enrollment in the eighth grade should be demanded by our city fathers.

Mr. Hull can't seem to remember any jokes on himself. Perhaps that is one itself.

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Franz Molnar, famous playwright, has finished a new play, "Delila." The scene of action is in Budapest, amidst the small middle-class.

The city of Amsterdam has started with the layout of a park-plan in the southern part of the city that will take six years to complete, giving work to thousands of unemployed.

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